

THE
Spiritual Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1867.

JOSEPH BALSAMO, THE SO-CALLED
COUNT CAGLIOSTRO.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

IF Cagliostro was not one of the most consummate scoundrels that ever lived, he has been the most unfortunate of all men in his biographers. So far as I have been able to discover, there does not seem to have been a single life of him written, at or near his own time, by an impartial and trustworthy person. Carlyle, in *Frazer's Magazine*, vol. viii, July to December, 1833, gives an account of him in his usually vicious and absurd style; he admits that it is chiefly formed on the volume published by an agent of the Inquisition of Rome, before which Cagliostro was examined, and in whose dungeons he terminated his existence in the summer of 1795. He refers to a *Life of Count Cagliostro*, price three shillings, published by Hookham in 1787, of course, eight years before his death; a "*Memoire pour le Comte de Cagliostro*," with "*Requête à joindre*" from the Bastille, when he was confined there in 1796 on account of the affair of the Diamond Necklace; the "*Lettre du Comte de Cagliostro au Peuple Anglais*," published soon after at London; "*Memoires Authentique pour servir à l'Histoire du Comte de Cagliostro*," twice printed in 1786, i.e. nine years before his death, in Strasburg and in Paris, which he calls a swaggering lascivious *novellet*, without talent, worth, or truth, happily of small size; all these, indeed, he treats as unauthentic; a small pamphlet, "*Cagliostro démasquée à Varsovie in 1780*," as little better. He then comes to his main authority, the issue of the Inquisition, a French translation of which he follows, dated 1791, "*Vie de Joseph Balsamo comme sous le Nom de Comte Cagliostro*."

This is the same which I possess in German, published in the same year, 1791, at Zürich. This professes to be based on the

acts of his trial kept in the Inquisition ; but, of course, no more to be relied on than any of the others. The Inquisition would have condemned Balsamo simply for being a Freemason, Freemasonry being laid under the ban of the Church by two successive bulls of the Pope's, "as heretical and impious, blasphemous and superstitious;" and, black as the Jesuit Inquisition has painted Cagliostro, it is still no blacker than it has painted Luther and his fellow reformers.

Carlyle seems to think Schiller's "*Geister-Seher*," and Goethe's comedy of the "*Grand Kophta*," originated in the idea of Cagliostro, which is very likely ; the latter did, undoubtedly for he has taken the very title which Cagliostro gave to himself of Grand Kophta, and has only shortened his name by calling him Count Rostro instead of Cagliostro. The comedy, indeed, is the story dramatized with very little alteration of the Diamond Necklace, in which Cagliostro played so conspicuous a part and for which, in company with his accomplice, Madame La Motte, he was put into the Bastille. Instead of Marie Antoinette, in whose name the necklace was obtained by La Motte, Goethe gives a nameless Princess ; instead of La Motte, a Marchioness ; instead of Cardinal Rohan, a Domherr, or church dignitary. From the way in which he treats Cagliostro, it is clear that he regarded him as a consummate charlatan and humbug : "a trickster," he says, "but a trickster of a talent amounting to genius of no ordinary stamp, an incarnation of cunning and impudence."

In his tour in Italy in 1787, when at Palermo in Sicily, recollecting that Cagliostro was born in that city, he enquired after, and found living there, his mother and sister, the latter of whom was a widow with three children. This was three years before Cagliostro was arrested in Rome, and nine before he died in the Inquisition. The mother was old and failing, all were extremely poor. They had heard of Joseph associating with princes and nobles, and living like a noble himself, but he had never sent them a word of greeting or recognition, much less any assistance. Goethe putting this conduct to all the rest, calls him, "one of the most extraordinary monsters which the age had produced." His relatives he found very decent sort of people ; delighted by his visit, and extremely grateful for some money which he raised them on his return home, and sent them, as the old mother had said she thought it hard that her son had not sent a sum which she had managed to pay with difficulty to get him out of prison before he left Palermo. On learning of Cagliostro's arrest and imprisonment by the Inquisition, Goethe sent them another sum, which is as much to his honour, as Cagliostro's total neglect of his mother and sister are to his disgrace.

Besides these authorities, Carlyle refers to Cazanova :

Luchet's *Essais sur les Illuminés*, printed in Paris, 1789. *Lettre du Comte Mirabeau sur Cagliostro et Lavater*, Berlin, 1786, p. 42. Zeitgenossen, No. xv. Frau von de Recke, a Popish countess wrote a book to expose him. *Memoirs de l'Abbé Georgel II.*, 48. *Meiners Briefe über Schweiz*, as quoted in Mirabeau. Besides these, there is a memoir of him in the *Biographie des Contemporains*: and Dumas' *Romance of Cagliostro*, which is a romance.

These seem to be all or the chief accounts of Balsamo, *alias* Cagliostro; and those noticed by Carlyle are pronounced by him for the most part untrustworthy, and are all unfavourable to him. There does not seem to have been any narrative of him that draws a picture which recommends him. Carlyle himself falls back on the memoir of the Inquisition, as the only one in any degree to be depended upon. Let us then see what this says of him, professedly as drawn from the evidences of his trial, preserved in the archives of the Vatican. We can there see how much of real mediumship there seems to have been amid his *charlatanerie*. One thing gives an air of truth to the Inquisition narrative, and that is, an account of him drawn up by a lawyer of high character of Palermo, at the request of the French Government, which was shewn to Goethe by this gentleman. So far as it goes, which is from his birth to his full display of himself as a great master over the spirits, it fully bears out the narrative of the Inquisition. It presents him as a lad, as too clever by half, as having a great talent for forging documents, and as having by one of his forgeries of deeds, led a family into a ruinous lawsuit. That he was expelled Palermo for these crimes, married, just as stated in the Inquisition Memoir; appeared at Rome and Naples as the Marquis of Pellegrini. That he dared in this character to reappear at Palermo, was thrown into prison, but managed to get liberated, and start again on his travels, and followed out the same practices. With the Palermo buttress to the Inquisitorial fabric of Rome, we may now proceed to that work; it is entitled: *The Life and Actions of Joseph Balsamo, so-called Count Cagliostro; together with some information on the nature and condition of the Sects of Freemasonry*. From the evidence of the trial conducted in Rome against him in 1790: translated from the original, printed at the Papal Printing Office. Zürich, Orell, Gessner, Fuessli & Co., 1791.

The Inquisitor opens his account of Cagliostro with this flourish of trumpets:—"The life of a man who during a career of seven and forty years wrapped himself in a perpetual veil of mystery; who was regarded by many as a model of heroism and learning, and others as a combination of heresy, deceit and recklessness, which confounded the judgment of most men; who in

the course of his busy affairs filled the whole world with his fame ; and who, finally, in his latest moments fixed the eyes and the attention of the whole universe on him ; such is the life which is the present subject of an earnest and salutary notice, since it has pleased an adorable Providence to conduct it to a point from which no doubt can any longer be entertained whence the deceived believer may recognise his error ; the catholic may be put on his guard against the designs of hell, the learned may perceive the falsehood of his views, in so far as they are not grounded in religion ; the ignorant may preserve himself in humility against a flight to which his powers are not adequate ; men in general may tremble at the danger of misery to themselves ; and, finally, the whole world may find matter to exalt the triumph of the faith and of the truth."

Joseph Balsamo was born on the 8th of June, 1743, at Palermo. His parents were Peter Balsamo and Felizia Braconieri, both of respectable descent. After the death of his father, who was a merchant, and whilst he was a mere boy, he was adopted by his maternal uncle, and instructed in the necessary branches of education and in religion. To both these he early displayed a repugnance, and repeatedly ran away from the school of St. Rochus at Palermo, in which his relative had placed him. At the age of 13 he was handed over to the General of the Brothers of Mercy in the convent of the order of Cartagirone. He was admitted as a novice, and put under the care of the apothecary, with whom he might commence the study of chemistry and pharmacy. His abode in the convent was but of a short duration, for he was continually shewing proofs of a most demoralized character, which compelled the monks to chastise him. Amongst other wickednesses, when he would, according to the custom in monasteries, read to the brethren during their meals, he did not read what was in the book before him, but what came into his own head. When the reading was in the Martyrology, he interpolated for the names of the holy martyrs those of the most abandoned characters that he could think of. His penances and corporal chastisements for these escapades were so severe that he fled the convent and returned to Palermo.

From this moment he is described as leading a life of the most constant and varied deceit and crime. He is said to have addicted himself to painting, but without success. To have learned the use of weapons, and to have been continually engaged in disturbances amongst a set of lewd companions in the country ; in resisting the police ; in forging tickets to the theatre, and tricking such as employed him in any possible way that he could. That he got admittance to a lawyer's office, and there forged a document by which a certain Marquis Maurigé defrauded a

religious house. This fraud was only discovered many years after he had left Palermo. He was accused also of murdering a canon. For these crimes he was various times arrested but by one means or other escaped punishment. He was at length obliged to quit Palermo, for a trick played upon Marano, a goldsmith, from whom he had obtained a sum of money for telling him of a treasure hidden in a certain cave, and then surrounding the credulous goldsmith with a set of his companions, dressed up as demons, and cudgelling him unmercifully. The goldsmith having his eyes thus opened, summoned Balsamo before the police, but he left Palermo too nimbly for them.

Even at this time he was declared to practise sorcery, or a jugglery of pretended sorcery for gain. After various wanderings in which he had visited Rome, he turned up at Messina, where he was in company with a certain Altotas. They gave themselves out as great chemists, and spoke different languages. They set sail together for Alexandria in Egypt, where during a stay of forty days Altotas performed many chemical operations. Amongst others they dressed hemp and flax to appear as silk, and made much money. Thence they sailed to Rhodes, where they practised the same arts, made again much money, and intended to return to Cairo, but were driven by contrary winds to Malta. There they worked in the laboratory of the Grand-master Pinto, but Altotas dying there, Balsamo sailed with one of the Knights of Malta to Naples. From Naples he made secret passages to Messina where he met with one of his old comrades who had helped to play the devils when they so unmercifully cudgelled Marano the goldsmith, and was with him arrested for an alleged attempt to seduce a lady, but escaped, and Balsamo soon after appeared at Rome.

He now used different costumes and appeared as different characters. At one time he was an abbé, at another a man of the world. In Naples he had made the acquaintance of a certain prince, and by letters from him, real or forged, and other means, obtained access to many people of distinction, amongst them to Baron Breteuil, the Maltese Ambassador in Rome. He lived in the Sun Hotel in the Rotunda and procured money by various arts. And here began the most infamous career of his infamous life, if the Inquisitor is to be credited. He married a very handsome young woman, who though only a servant maid, was of superior intelligence and manners, named Lorenza Feliciani, who lived near the Trinita de Pellegrini, and from this time for many years lived by trading upon her honour. The wife, it is stated, had an unconquerable repugnance to this manner of life, but was compelled by Balsamo, not without horrible threats, to submit to it. The story of this infamy, and of all the libertines of noble

and princely rank at whose expense Balsamo managed to live in luxury and splendour, is too disgusting to be more than alluded to. One of the persons thus connected with them was a licentious Marquis Agliata, and another Octavio Nicastro, who as a murderer ended his life on the gallows. Having quarrelled, Nicastro accused Balsamo and Agliata of forgery, and they fled Rome, where Balsamo last appeared in the uniform of a Prussian colonel, and declared himself an officer of the King of Prussia.

At Bergamo where they next practised their forgeries and impositions, they were arrested, with the exception of Agliata, who escaped with what little money they had, and Balsamo and his wife were expelled the city in the utmost indigence. Soon after managing to clothe themselves as pilgrims, they travelled through Sardinia, Genoa, and Antibes, preying on the religious brotherhoods, as persons on a pilgrimage of penance, and turned up at Barcelona in Spain. Thence they reached Madrid and Lisbon; in all these places they practised the same infamous means of livelihood, and from Lisbon set sail for London. In London Balsamo's proceedings, according to this memoir, were of the same infamous character. On pretence of being an elegant painter, an English gentleman employed him to paint and embellish his country house, but was soon convinced that he was in this respect a thorough hoax. He was compelled to make a hasty exit from England into France. This first visit to England was in the years 1771 and 1772; and the *Courier de l'Europe* gave a fearful narrative of his doings there.

He is stated to have made the journey from Dover to Paris with a certain M. Duplesirs, who afterwards managed to get Madame Balsamo away from him, and that Balsamo had his wife arrested and confined in St. Pelagia. The revelations made on the examination of Duplesirs and Madame Balsamo, of the extravagance of Balsamo and the frauds committed on tradesmen, Balsamo, after he assumed the name of Count Cagliostro, thought necessary to deny in his *Letter to the British Nation*, declaring that the said Balsamo and the said Lorenza Feliciani, were totally different persons to the Count Cagliostro and the Countess Serafine Feliciani. The identity of these persons, however, the historian of the Inquisition asserts is proved by the acts of the Court in which Madame Balsamo was tried, and which were printed in the publication, *Ma Correspondence avec la Comte de Cagliostro*.

At this time he is said to have pretended to be able to make gold, and to lengthen life by his profound science, and under these pretences to have swindled two persons of condition out of 500 louis-d'ors. The consequence was that he was glad, through means of a forged passport, to escape from France, and wan-

dered about for some time in Belgium, Germany, and Italy, finding his way back at length to Palermo. But this was only running into the lion's mouth. Marano, the goldsmith whom he had so shamefully robbed and mis-handled, and the sufferers by the forged will of the Marquis Maurigé, were soon upon him, and he only escaped as by miracle. His career of a like stamp continued in Malta, Naples, Marseilles, and in Spain; where in Barcelona, Alicante, Cadiz, and other cities, he perpetrated continual swindles, pretending to make people young again, to make the ladies' skins fair as angels', and to show the greedily credulous how to make the philosopher's stone. When Spain became too hot for him, he and his wife again sailed for London, his wife's brother, who had shared their impositions and their gains, going another way.

During his stay in London he is reported to have grossly cheated a Mrs. Fry and a Mr. Scott, by pretending to know through his occult arts, what numbers would turn up in the lotteries, and to have obtained a necklace of brilliants from Mrs. Fry on pretence of knowing a mode of increasing the size and splendour of the brilliants. For these frauds he was arrested and tried, but Mrs. Fry and Mr. Scott having no witnesses of the transactions, and Mrs. Balsamo swearing stoutly that the whole was false and a conspiracy, the cases were dismissed. The memoir writer of the Inquisition says that both Cagliostro and his wife candidly confessed these tricks practised on the heretics under examination.

During this London sojourn Cagliostro came upon the great opportunity which opened to him the grand drama of all his future life—he was initiated into Freemasonry. This gave him the idea of establishing a new sect of Freemasons, the Egyptian, and of putting himself at the head of it. It was in this character that he afterwards won so wonderful a reputation and played the part of the very prince of charlatans, and was worshipped by hosts of followers in various countries as if he had been the veritable Demiurgus himself, gushing over with powers of creation, transformation, and miracle, as the sun pours out his inexhaustible rays. Swedenborg and Mesmer, fortunately for him, had appeared, and Cagliostro, having made himself master of the wonderful forces, magnetic and spiritual, which through them had become developed, and mixing these up with his pretended mysteries of Egyptian Freemasonry, he was prepared to confound and astonish both gentle and simple, learned and unlearned. With the conception of the astounding scheme of daring humbug which now dawned on his fertile imagination, he laid aside the already too familiar name of Balsamo and the uniform of the Prussian colonel, and assumed the name of the Count Cagliostro,

and the character of Grand Cophti, or High-priest of Egypt. Sometimes, indeed, he appeared under the title of Marquis Pellegrini, Marquis d'Anna, Marquis Balsam, and Count Fenise. To some simpletons he asserted that he lived before the Flood; that he was present at the marriage at Cana in Galilee; that Malta was his birthplace, and that the Grand Master of the Order of Malta and the Princess of Trebisonde were his parents. He now assumed all the state of a prince; he and his wife appeared in the most splendid costumes, she adorned with the most valuable jewels; horses, carriages, servants, were all on the most *recherché* and magnificent scale. His Freemasonry was surrounded with the most mysterious and imposing ceremonies, and represented as the most ancient and perfect of all, the origin and mother indeed of all other Masonry. He gave it out that he had travelled to Mecca and Medina, in which latter city he was called Acktarat, and was entertained by the Mufti Salaakym. There he was instructed in the chief eastern languages and in all the secrets of Arabian chemistry. In Egypt he had discovered the wisdom hidden in the Pyramids, and through it penetrated into the deepest arcana of nature. The credulous and greedy listened to all this daring impudence, and in hopes of profiting by it furnished the funds which he lavished on his numerous trains of servants, clad in liveries which cost twenty louis-d'ors each, and in all his other extravagances.

Having struck this audacious stroke of imposture, and found it take, he travelled over all Europe forming lodges of Egyptian Freemasonry, and establishing annual subscriptions, which were all to flow through their concentrating channels into his capacious pouch. A more daring scheme of delusion was never planned, and it was carried through for thirty or forty years with an address and an unblushing assurance which perhaps no man besides Cagliostro ever possessed. The grand object of his Freemasonry, he gave out, was to ensure the physical and moral new-birth of man, and consequently the perfection of his nature. Besides this, he could turn quicksilver into silver, any common metal into gold, hemp into silk, and his fee for initiating rich dupes into these arts, frequently amounted to a thousand sequins. He was now constantly travelling over Europe, founding Egyptian lodges, and receiving the homage and the solid cash of the "large family of fools," as Oliver Goldsmith calls them. He went as far north as Warsaw, Petersburg, and Moscow, as far south as Italy and Spain; and in all places, in the most acute and brilliant capitals, he found thousands of the members of this large and profitable family, and received a homage little short of divine worship. In fact, there are letters to him still extant in which he is styled "the divine Cagliostro."

During his stay in Paris, in the time of his full glory, he became involved in the notorious history of the Diamond Necklace. It is difficult to decide whether Cagliostro or Madame La Motte were the deeper plotters in this intrigue, in which under pretence that Queen Marie Antoinette wished to possess herself of a most valuable diamond necklace, in the hands of a Paris jeweller, the Cardinal Rohan was induced to obtain it, and give security for it, and hand it over to Madame La Motte in the park at Versailles by night, believing her to be the queen. By this means the fair fame of the queen received a mortal wound, and La Motte and Cagliostro found themselves in the Bastille. Here, however, Cagliostro, according to his own confession in the Inquisition, if that is to be believed, so hardily swore his own innocence and the guilt of La Motte, that she in her fury flung a candlestick at his head in presence of the judges, and Cagliostro was discharged, but ordered to quit Paris within twenty-four hours, and France within three weeks. On the 20th of January, 1786, however, he wrote a letter from London to his adherents in Paris, in which he declared the Bastille would be pulled down, and its site converted into a public square and promenade; that *Lettres de Cachet* would be abolished, and the States-General called together, which shewed that he was either a shrewd calculator of political consequences, or very prophetic.

His sojourn in London was soon terminated again by the incessant exposures of him by his indefatigable enemy, Morand, of the *Courrier de l'Europe*. He tried various states in Germany and Austria, the cities of Basle and Trieste, but was compelled soon to quit them, one after another, and however full of peril the attempt, he finally ventured on Rome, where he was quickly arrested, and on the 27th of December, 1789, was committed to the Castle of St. Angelo as prisoner of the Inquisition. The priests had long had their eye on him. Twice had all Freemasonry been denounced by Papal bulls as heretical, anti-religious, and odious to the Holy Mother Church, as every secret society was and is, except her own. Cagliostro had made no secret of his contempt of the priests; had boasted of his having made them the butt of his jests and his sarcasms, and that the privileges of his Egyptian Freemasonry were the keys of freedom from all the despotisms of the Church. His doom was certain; never again would he set a free foot outside the walls of his dungeon. Not all his magical arts, not all his secrets of Mecca and the Pyramids, not all that he had learned from his deep communings with the Egyptian priests, or his command of the powers of the visible and invisible could enable him to shake off the fetters of the Fathers of Rome, or elude the tender mercies of the Inquisition.

In the copious details of his numerous examinations by the Inquisitors, Cagliostro is made to confess the whole of his system of frauds and lies. We have the revelation of all the interior secrets and ceremonies, oaths and plottings of his Egyptian lodges. His wife who was kept wholly apart from him, was played off skilfully against him. When he protested that he had never taught anything contrary to the doctrines and the honour of the Church of Rome, he was reminded that his wife had freely laid open all his heresies and hatred of the Church of Rome. She was represented as only too much delighted to have escaped from his tyranny and awful indignities. What is curious is that Madame Balsamo is made to assert that on no account would her husband ever explain to her the secret of his spiritual power. In vain did she, time after time, entreat him to admit her to a knowledge of the nature and origin of this power by which he produced such marvellous manifestations, opened up the secrets of other bosoms, and discovered the passing of events at a distance. He replied that she had not courage and strength for such knowledge. This bears the air of truth, as Cagliostro is not the only medium who has exercised the same reserve, and on the very same plea, towards his wife even in our time.

In his system of Freemasonry he had, contrary to the custom of Freemasons, introduced women as well as men, and a ribbon was given the female masons on which was embroidered "*Union, Silence, and Virtue*," in English. It was a great charge against him that he admitted all sorts of people to membership in his lodges—Catholics, Protestants, Calvinists, Jews or Mahometans; and that he had an especial antipathy to Moses, whom he called a robber, because he robbed the Egyptians of their jewels and other valuables. It was asserted that his wife had given as the cause of this antipathy that Moses never would appear in the manifestations obtained in his lodges. Yet the Inquisitors allow that he declared that the great objects of his system were to demonstrate the being of God and the immortality of the soul; that his system was placed under the protection of St. John the Evangelist; that the patents of membership and of different ranks commenced with the words, "*Honour, Wisdom, Unity, Benevolence and Prosperity*;" and the members were exhorted not only to cultivate the honour due to God, but also that due to the sovereign; and the women were commanded not only to maintain secrecy on all which concerned the Order, but exhorted to the love of God, the honour of the sovereign, the honour of religion and the laws, and the love of the neighbour.

They are compelled also to admit his power of declaring events by some means or other. He foretold the destruction of the Bastille, and the death of Herr Sceiffart, the head of the

Illuminati, at Leipsic, in a month, which took place, Sceiffart committing suicide. He continually in his lodges told things which were taking place at a distance at the moment. This he did in the manner of the Egyptian magicians, which has been made so well known by the accounts of Mr. Lane and others; a practice which, no doubt, Cagliostro had learned during his visit to Egypt. He made use of a boy or girl of merely childish years, most frequently a boy. He was made to kneel down before a small table on which stood a vessel filled with water, and behind it some lighted candles placed. Cagliostro then laid his hand on the boy's head and uttered a prayer for the successful result of the operation. He then ordered the boy to gaze steadily into the water, who soon began to cry out that he saw something extraordinary. At one time it would be a fine garden. Then he would say he saw something white in it, but indistinct. Then he would begin to clap and gesticulate like one possessed, and say he saw a child like himself, but who appeared to be an angel, which he would describe.

On one occasion the father of the child begged that he might tell him what his daughter was doing at a country house fifteen German miles distant from Mietau, where they then were. The boy, again looking into the water, said he saw his sister descending the steps in front of the house, and embracing his younger brother. This was declared to be impossible, as this brother, the father said, was some hundreds of miles distant. Cagliostro demanded that a messenger should instantly be dispatched to the house in question to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the vision. The messenger returned bringing the news that the whole of the vision was literally correct, even to the return of the brother who was supposed to be far away.

Numbers of such cases, all proving themselves true, excited the greatest enthusiasm regarding Cagliostro wherever he appeared, from Petersburg to the south of Germany. On one occasion the marriage of a young lady was foretold though she was not then known to the man she was to marry. On another he laid open a great crime then utterly unsuspected in the person who had committed it. He foretold the coming misfortunes of a certain prince, and the early death of a lady then in perfect health. All these revelations Cagliostro declared before the Inquisitors were the result of direct and divine interposition, though many, he said, believed he possessed a *Cabbala*, or a supernatural foresight, an opinion from which nothing could move them.

The Inquisitors endeavour to get rid of the supernatural by assuring us that his wife confessed that the cases were generally planned. That he had got some information beforehand about

them, and so on; but this was so obviously false and impossible that they are obliged to give up that way out of the difficulty, and declare that he drew his knowledge from the devil.

Some remarkable passages regarding Cagliostro, and which seem to bear evidence of extraordinary mesmeric or spiritual power, are given in this Magazine for the year 1863, p. 550, from *Colmack's Reminiscences of Talleyrand*. There he is said to be "a man in the very flower of his age, of exceedingly prepossessing appearance; his person though small, so well and firmly knit, that its proportions seemed those of a much larger man. His countenance was remarkably keen and penetrative, being formed of a succession of sharp angular lines, which gave him a look of cunning that he would willingly have disguised, and with which the solemn tone and mysterious aspect were altogether at variance."

This account agrees very much with that of Lavater, whose description of his person is much more favourable than that of the Inquisition, and who, though quite capable of judging of any mesmeric or spiritual claims, had no faith whatever in his moral character. That the Inquisitor depreciates Cagliostro's person is pretty strong evidence that he was likely to do the same by his life and character.

The Inquisitor is also compelled to confess that Cagliostro asserted that he always testified and exerted himself against the ordinary Freemasons and the Illuminati, whom he accused of being hostile to kings and the pope, but he charges him with falsehood in this respect. He declared that he had discovered that the order of Freemasons of the strictest or illuminated class, had 20,000 lodges in Europe and America, every such lodge being under obligation to send twenty-five louis-d'ors to the general treasury every year.

Cagliostro asserted to the Inquisition that during some years that he lived at Strasburg, he performed daily numerous cures by his laying on of hands and prayer, and that his house was crowded with crutches which lame people had left behind them. It would have been satisfactory to have other evidence than his mere assertion for this fact. In Lyons, which was the head centre of his operations, his followers erected a splendid building as the Mother Lodge of the order of Egyptian Freemasons, which was opened with extraordinary and gorgeous ceremonies. During all this time Cagliostro lived the life of a prince in his house splendidly furnished, with magnificent equipages, with a great train of servants in rich liveries, and with an enormous correspondence with the most distinguished Masons of his Egyptian order and others, who worshipped and flattered him in the most extravagant style.

The Inquisitors are much delighted with the account of two cunning fellows who went to Cagliostro and pretended to desire enrolment in the order of Egyptian Masons, but took care to decline the patent when made out, which was charged several louis-d'ors: and who tempted him by the sight of a dazzling ring on the finger of one of them, which Cagliostro, with all his boasts of knowing all secrets, did not, they asserted, perceive to have only a false stone. They make him also subscribe a full confession of all his deceits and deceptions: and that he did this with tears running down his cheeks, in the faint hope that they would eventually set him at liberty. That he knew that the whole of his Egyptian Masonry was a thorough swindle, and that he never had any intention or belief of effecting a new birth of mankind. That he was Deist, Atheist, Materialist, Calvinist, Lutheran, Protestant, as it served his turn, but never Catholic. When they asked him, however, whether he believed men had the power to command heavenly spirits, they permit him to make this rational answer:—"I believe that man by permission of God, may arrive at such a power, since the blessed Saviour before his death and glorification conferred on his disciples the divine vision, and as man is made in the image of God, and raised to the same nature by the incarnation of Christ, which is the privilege of men and not of the angels."

Such is the account by the Inquisition of the famous Cagliostro. They had him in their power and reported him pretty much as they pleased. But, in default of better information, we must draw our opinion of him from other considerations. That Cagliostro possessed great spiritual powers is clear, and is not wholly denied by these his mortal enemies; but it is equally clear from the whole of his history, from whatever sources, that he used these powers for gross deception and for the indulgence of personal aggrandisement. He was essentially a humbug, and with all his powers an arch-impostor. All his system of Egyptian Freemasonry, his pretence of making gold, of a physical and moral perfection of humanity, of restoring youth, of his living before the Flood, being the son of the Grand Master of Malta, &c., were impudent impositions. The real power which he possessed was used, not in its honest simplicity, and for the good and enlightenment of man, but for the gratification of a vain and meretricious ambition. So used, such powers are a prostitution and a crime of the deepest dye. They bring the most marvellous and most beneficent powers which God has implanted in human nature into contempt and hatred, and arrest the otherwise genial progress of truth as by a demon's hand. That Cagliostro had not a spark of the genuine nature of the inspired philanthropist in him is shewn by the fact revealed by Goethe,

that in all his career of thirty-seven years of amazing success and reputation, when he threw about gold and diamonds like dust, and aped the grandeur of a prince, he left his mother and his sister without a single testimony of his remembrance. He did not even send one cheering word of recognition to the poor woman who gave him birth, nursed and reared him, and incurred a heavy debt to liberate him from a well-deserved dungeon.

The possession of great powers of our high and more mysterious nature by such men, thus used, so far from receiving honour from us, covers them in my opinion with the blackest infamy, and Cagliostro the Spiritualist, but at the same time the pretended Grand Cophti, maker of gold, the restorer of youth, the perfecter of human nature, the enlarger of brilliants, the son of the Grand Master of Malta and the Princess of Trebisonde, the initiated of the Pyramids of Egypt and the sages of Mecca, who left his real mother and family in the deepest neglect and penury, should stand to all time branded with deepest infamy, and as having only one superior in spiritual crime, namely, Judas who sold for money his Divine Master.

This is the judgment which we would pronounce upon him were the whole of the volume of the Inquisition annihilated and driven from our memories. It is a judgment grounded on the whole colour and character of his life, which with some real powers, was one of pompous and shameless humbug. His Egyptian lodges and elaborate ceremonies, all his parade of Masonic officers, Venerables, Sub-Venerables, Orators, Sub-Orators, Keeper of the Seals, of the Archives, and the Treasury, Grand Inspectors, Masters of Ceremonies, &c. ; all his display of rites, rules, instructions, instruments, trines, quadrants, pentagons, staves, paintings, costumes, oaths, incantations, his own sign of a serpent with an apple in its mouth and its tail terminating in an arrow, are all the apparatus of an audacious system of deceit and imposition, insulting to the common sense of mankind. Such a man does not bury his talent in a napkin, but in a heap of fallacies and trickeries whose sole object is to bamboozle the simple for his own base emolument and mountebank honour. Such men are deserving of the most unmitigated condemnation, for they are those who make truth appear a lie ; who by their deceptions give the air of deception to the real powers which they possess, and render the progress of genuine knowledge through the world a perpetual martyrdom and the scoff of fools.

NOTES ON SPIRITUALISM AND SPIRITUALISTS IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1866.

IV.

THE NUMBER OF SPIRITUALISTS IN AMERICA.

BEFORE continuing these "Notes" it seems necessary, and is only respectful to my distinguished critic, that I should submit some remarks upon the interesting communication from Judge Edmonds of New York, which appeared in the July number of this Magazine, in which he controverts the correctness of my impressions as to the number of Spiritualists in the United States, and presents reasons for now estimating their number about four times what I had roughly guessed, and more than double what he had himself only last year calculated them to be.

It would be gratifying to find that my impressions in this matter were so erroneous; and it must be admitted that the reasons urged for the revised estimate are plausible and very strongly put. Nevertheless, I am bound to confess myself unconvinced by them, and must as yet hold that the original estimate of the Judge was more nearly correct, if indeed, my own more moderate assumption, or rather, let it be said, extreme admission, for such it seemed to me, of possibly about 10 per cent. of the entire population, was not still nearer than either to the true proportion.

My first reason for still retaining this position is, that "the 80,000 or 100,000 Spiritualists" in New York City alone, claimed by my eminent censor as much beyond what I was likely to imagine, happens curiously enough to be a very close approximation to the per centage I had stated! The City of New York contained at the census in 1860, if I remember correctly (for I have not the census tables beside me to refer to), about 750,000 inhabitants. Allowing for the growth of the additional years it will be seen that the numbers will now be something between 800,000 and 1,000,000; of which ten per cent. would give what Judge Edmonds mentions. But if his revised calculation were correct the numbers ought to be more than three times that, or from 300,000 to 350,000—a number so glaringly beyond the probable fact that I cannot conceive of any persons acquainted with the city seriously maintaining it.

Were the same scrutiny applied to other large centres of population, such as Philadelphia, Boston, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, I believe that the same conclusion could not be avoided. Such at least I must abide by as the result of my own experience in these cities, until some more constraining evidence

than has yet been produced demonstrates my error. In Keokuk, Iowa, where I resided several weeks, and the present population of which I estimate to be between 10,000 and 15,000, a tenth would be, I think, an extreme allowance; but I shall be glad if the Magnetic Physician, already alluded to in these Notes, whose means of determining the subject must be greatly superior to mine, should be induced by this reference to correct me if I am in error. His correction or confirmation would be an important fact as enabling me to judge of the validity of my experience in other cities.

In Cincinnati I had some difficulty in finding the place of meeting of the Spiritualists, though my enquiries were made at various places in the city; and after spending an interesting Sunday forenoon at the Children's Lyceum there, two facts came to my knowledge which strongly corroborate the opinion I had formed from previous intercourse with the general public. The first was, that the lady who had addressed the children that day had suffered considerably, and still lived under great disabilities, for her devotion to Spiritualism; and the second was that my informant, a young man of intelligence and goodness, a teacher in the Lyceum, was himself the only one in his family who had embraced Spiritualism, and in taking the part he did in the movement was acting against parental authority. The conversation I had with this young man quite supported the conviction that, so far as Cincinnati was concerned, ten per cent. of the population would be a most ample allowance. This being the head quarters of Mr. J. M. Peebles, whose name is well known in the Spiritualist ranks, I endeavoured to find his residence before meeting any of the body at the Lyceum, but without success. I subsequently learned that Mr. P. was not at home; my endeavour to see him therefore was needless; but *during* that endeavour I met with so many indications of a want of sympathy with Spiritualism and a want of knowledge of it and its leading men, that I could not resist the feeling that the subject was by no means popular there. I shall be much surprised if Mr. Peebles himself, or any other prominent person in Cincinnati, notwithstanding this, assures me that two-fifths of the inhabitants are Spiritualists, in the modern sense of that term.

Nor was experience like this confined to Cincinnati. I passed through fourteen different States, mixing with all classes of the people in the various localities where I rested any time,—though my *chief* intercourse was with the professional, mercantile, and trading classes,—and my experience was similar in all. In this my second reason for not accepting the new estimate urged upon us is based. It is true that, in pure reaction from

disappointed expectations, my impressions *per contra* may have been exaggerated. I am not at all anxious to defend their accuracy. I *wish* rather to coincide with Judge Edmonds, but find myself driven by force of experience against this wish; and I venture to predicate, that any person visiting the States with the new estimate in his mind, and assuming its verity, will suffer still more severe disappointment.

I freely admit that gentlemen in the position of Judge Edmonds are much more likely to know who are Spiritualists in any given community in the United States than a stranger visiting the country with few introductions, and engaged in no mission calculated to bring them out. At the same time it must be conceded that their very familiarity with believers, especially where the number is considerable, has a tendency to make them ignore unbelievers and to assume their non-existence. Let any one realize to himself a knowledge of only one thousand persons. Say that they are scattered over a pretty wide territory, and that they are interested in a common topic, in the elucidation of which he had taken so conspicuous a part that they were likely to seek his acquaintance. He might receive nearly three letters a day all the year round, and yet not two from the same person. The personal calls upon him might be equally numerous and new. If only half wrote him once a month it would increase his letters by about sixteen per day, and if the other half called upon him each once in three months, he would have from five to six calls every day. But extend the idea and assume that each of the thousand is the centre of 3,000 others (which would still only yield an aggregate of 3,000,000, or about ten per cent. of the entire population white and coloured) and suppose the intercourse, both personal and written, of our imaginary friend were confined mainly to such persons, would he not be very apt to suppose that nearly "everybody" was of the same way of thinking?

I put an extreme case merely to bring out a principle; and of course I admit that my correspondence and intercourse having been mainly with non-spiritualists I was, by the same rule, as likely to underrate as our suppositious friend would be to overrate the number of the faithful. I believe that Judge Edmonds will not consider this hypothesis applicable to him; and, notwithstanding my admission of probable error, I frankly add that I do not think it quite applicable to myself. I sought out believers; I was interested in doing so. Making no secret of my own belief, there was no reason why the persons I met with should conceal, far less deny, theirs, or imply pity, or, as far as politeness would allow, contempt for the side I had espoused. Yet this was so common an experience with me that I could not but allow for it

in my estimate of numbers; nor could I help its colouring my general representations as to the influence of this public sentiment on persons of position in society.

Judge Edmonds reduces my allusion to this influence to the one element of "fear." His words are, "He would miserably misjudge, who, like your correspondent, would infer that this universally-prevailing reticence was the product of fear." Now, if my language is fairly susceptible of so exclusive a construction, I can only say it miserably misrepresents my real opinion. My design was simply to indicate the operation of one influence, the verity of which I consider indisputable, not to imply that it was the only one. Nor assuredly, did I mean to assert pusillanimity pure and simple, such as is implied in the language of my respected critic, to all who were governed by it, though a strained interpretation of my words might afford colourable grounds for imputing this to me. But the real question is, is there a public sentiment in the United States which makes it an act of courage, or more or less of self-sacrifice, or of carelessness of consequences, for a man to declare himself a Spiritualist? I unequivocally assert there is. How this operates upon individuals is not so much to be considered. If a fact, it at least supports my side of the argument. Nor is the inference from it got rid of by the presentation of other reasons for the "prevailing reticence." I do not in the least dispute the existence and operation of these reasons, any more than I admit that they entirely meet the case, or countervail the other equally valid reasons which the Judge would apparently have us ignore. But while his friend Mr. L. is still only Mr. L., and while the necessity remains for the Judge's own advice to persons querying whether they ought not to make public avowal of their belief: "beware of being governed by the selfish desire of martyrdom"—a selfish desire, by the way, which the mass of mankind is in little danger of carrying to any terrible extreme—he cannot wonder that considerable scepticism should exist on this side of the Atlantic as to the existence of eleven or twelve millions of believers (about two-fifths of the whole population) on the other. Certainly, one would think that, were this number correct, the danger of social martyrdom would be reduced to an infinitesimal quantity. When the odds are only three to two, it would betray indeed uncommon want of pluck, or want of faith, or the presence of some unusual motive, to maintain reticence or anonymity, where the circumstances naturally call for frankness and the authentication of the full name.

But I wish to take advantage of the present discussion to enter a plea for those who own the influence of the public sentiment alluded to, and whose motives though susceptible of being analysed into fear of one kind or another, would still be most

imperfectly appreciated and described by being generalized under this vulgar sentiment. I remember being present at a philosophical discussion in which one of the speakers reduced all the affective faculties of the human being to *love*, and ridiculed his opponents for the complexity of their nomenclature. According to this perspicuous method, avaricious, combative, and domineering persons were loving even in the manifestation of these unamiable qualities; for were they not simply exhibiting *love* of property, the *love* of contention, and the *love* of power? Not less various may be the sentiments of those who may be described as influenced by "fear." In one it is fear of ridicule, or the loss of reputation for good sense; in another fear of losing worldly position; in another fear of hurting the feelings of friends; in another the fear lest the sacrifice involved should be greater than his duty to others would justify him in encountering; in another the fear lest the problematical good to society should be incommensurate with the evil to himself: in short, the forms of fear are practically as various as the motives of the human heart, and all the above named modes of its action may be combined in one individual. Giving predominance to some of them—to the question of duty, for instance, to those whose claims are nearer and possibly clearer than those of general society—the fear of consequences becomes a far more respectable thing than it is often conceived, even though it may be conceded that in many cases the individual may be scared only by phantasms of his own creation. Where the risk is real, and the sacrifice certain as far as human foresight can judge, it is clear that a man may be influenced by the public sentiment alluded to, and restrained from publishing his belief in the tabooed truth, or even as far as possible from allowing himself to be supposed a believer, without justly incurring the charge of pusillanimity. On the other hand, a man may incur social ostracism, or any other form of sacrifice, by declaring his faith or allowing it to be inferred, from mere recklessness of consequences, or incapacity to foresee them, and therefore without being entitled to the attributes of courage, public spirit and moral heroism. It is all a question of circumstances, of which the individual in their midst must be presumed to be the best judge.

I beg my respected critic to review my allusions to the state of things in America in the light of these observations, and he will see that I could not mean the imputation upon his countrymen which he found in my language. On the other hand, giving due weight to some of his own expressions, he will I think be constrained to admit that they substantially confirm the correctness of my inferences so far as the operation of public sentiment in the United States is concerned.

In regard to the other point, my inference as to the actual number of Spiritualists in the States, though I, in a friendly way and against my own wishes, dispute the probability of his figures, I do not presume to uphold the infallibility of my own impressions however honestly and in no hostile spirit entertained. It should be remembered, however, that the moderate estimate which I formed was based, not upon the "universally-prevailing reticence" of the people so much, as upon the prevalent scepticism, and the positive, even contemptuous, disbelief which I encountered among them.

The really strong fact *per contra*, affirmed by Judge Edmonds, is that of the Roman Catholic statistics; and though I could not allow this to outweigh altogether the reasons already indicated on the opposite side, I should be glad to learn the process adopted by the priests to ascertain the numbers alleged, the condition of mind brought to the enquiry, and generally all matters which might enable us to judge fairly of their accuracy and want of bias.

I will not do more than barely allude to the apparent inconsistency of the Judge's argument denying the existence of proselytism, and vindicating an assumed grand neutrality of sentiment or calm faith in the progress of truth, with his concluding fear lest my views "if suffered to go unnoticed, would be calculated to engender a feeling of despondency." I certainly entertain them myself without any feeling of despondency; and I think that English Spiritualists generally can bear to contemplate them as the very truth, not to say the mere opinions of an individual, with perfect equanimity,—rather with a faith in the might of truth too profound not to rest in the quiet assurance of final victory, and not to be content with a progress which, even by the lowest estimate, counts its adherents by millions among the best educated people as a whole on the face of the earth.

I close this interruption to the current of my narrative by a word of acknowledgment to the editor of the *Banner of Light*, whose paper of June 29th has been sent me, and my attention called to a paragraph which seems to owe its origin to my reference to the *Spiritual Republic*. How the editor of this Magazine may treat the polite allusions to himself, or whether he will notice them at all, I know not. For myself I can only say that I regret to see the spirit in which the *Banner* has interpreted my silence in regard to it while commending its contemporaneous. It construes my silence into "a stab in the dark." If the prescience it claims had really presided over its counsels it would have seen the utter fallacy of its imputations, and the perfectly genial and fraternal "quill" which maintained the offending reserve. When the time comes to speak of it,

even its present silliness, or rather, let me believe, the silliness of some underling, who for the nonce had assumed editorial functions, shall not prevent said "quill" doing it justice.

A. L.

PASSING EVENTS.—THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AT MRS. MARSHALL'S.

WITHIN the last 12 months I have had the pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of one of our journalists who is on the staff of a daily paper of great influence, and who is also a constant contributor to one of the leading weekly journals.

He is, therefore, a man of superior culture, a teacher of the multitude, and almost, as a matter of course, a *Secularist*; by which I mean one who believes only in tangible, visible materiality, and who entirely ignores the belief inculcated in every religious creed—that there is a SPIRIT-WORLD, where human beings continue to live, and, as we Spiritualists believe, to progress, according to our special states and aspirations, from that mansion in our Father's house where we are individually placed by our good or evil deeds at the change called death. That many of our press writers, with university and collegiate honors, like the leading *savans* of the present day, should reason themselves out of their early training, and become, as a body, materialistic philosophers, is at least a subject of regret.

I do not, however, make it a matter of censure, since I am bound to believe it is the result of honest conviction.

What I quarrel with, and think I have fair right to denounce is, their dogmatic assumptions when dealing with such a subject as Spiritualism, which they do not understand, and will not investigate; and their readiness to ridicule what they cannot reason upon, holding up to public obloquy men, who, after calm investigation, adopt a belief consistent with the religious history of the world, which has become fixed in their minds by demonstrated facts through the evidence of their senses. Especially unjustifiable is it that public journalists should pander to the religious prejudices of society by affecting a pious horror of, and falsely stigmatising Spiritualism as a "heresy" or "blasphemous" thing, being themselves bound by no religious creed whatever. Such conduct is an abuse of the moral power which the press of this country exercises over the minds of the people.

Spiritualism, however, I am bound to reiterate, is a great truth, fraught with stupendous consequences. Its phenomena are real, and cannot be sneered out of existence. The time is, I believe, at hand for their universal recognition.

In proof of the erroneous and unsettled condition of the journalist's mind upon this subject, I am about to give an illustration in the person of the gentleman to whom I have alluded; and as I cannot for the present give his name, I will call him "Truth-Seeker," which, I believe, fairly expresses his state of mind, when, after several conversations, he wrote me a letter, from which I make the following extracts:—

"I think you will perhaps gain a clearer view of my wishes and ideas, in regard to what are called spiritual phenomena, if I endeavour to put them in writing, than you would do from less connected expression in conversation.

"As to your notion that I am determined to disbelieve, it would be (pardon me an expression you have used in regard to one of my hypotheses or conjectures), as ridiculous as you think the idea of trickery in the *séances*, if you had the slightest glimpse of my state of mind. I have a horror of death, as annihilation, so intense and profound, that, were I to dwell upon it long and realise it fully, it would endanger either my reason or my life; and no earthly gain would be half so great to me, as the conviction that death is not annihilation. But the more anxious I am for assurance, the more safe I am to secure that the assurance shall be real, and not liable to be shaken or disturbed To thoroughly investigate these sciences when I have means and leisure, is much at my heart. But sure I am, that to serve any purpose, they must be investigated as science, calmly and impartially, and without assumption.

"There are two points for a student to ascertain:—

"What are the phenomena?

"What is their cause?

"No investigator if he can help it, takes another's experiments on trust; if he can, he tries them for himself Observe that I use words accurately. 'Not believe' does not mean 'disbelieve.' I don't *disbelieve* the spiritual phenomena, or the spiritual hypothesis, but I am not satisfied as to what the first really are, nor *à fortiori*, am I assured of the second.

"Now the former matter can only be settled by a man's conviction by his own eyes. The second can only be solved, as I think in one way:—namely, by exclusion. To prove spiritual agency positively seems impossible; you can prove it only by proving out, so to speak, every other; and the first you would naturally prove for or against is that of imposture. Surely you will allow this, both logically and naturally, to come

first I should be very grateful to any one who would give me the means of fairly carrying out these investigations; especially to you, because I think that you are more inclined than most men to look at the same points that I should, though for different reasons. I mean in such details as the broken stems of flowers, &c. I am not likely, and do not mean to keep silence upon the subject. Many of the things that I have been *told* seem wholly to exclude trickery; but everything I have *seen*, with very slight exceptions, points to it; *i. e.*, everything that a clever trickster would do was done, and with scarcely an exception, everything else failed, &c., &c."

The occasions, when Truth-Seeker saw anything, were one visit to the Davenports and one visit to the Marshalls, which tended to confirm his erroneous impressions of trickery.

I replied to this letter, and said that I felt it my duty to help all honest and earnest investigators, and that I would at once accompany him to the Marshalls, where I was sure *I* could at least satisfy him that there was no trickery, and that the phenomena *were real*, whatever his conclusions might be as to their spiritual origin.

We accordingly made a visit to these well-known mediums, whose integrity I have upheld, through good and evil report, for the last 12 years. Arriving at their residence, 13, Bristol Gardens, Maida Hill, we sat down with Mrs. Marshall, jun., to the smaller of two tables, which soon became extremely active, and exhibited, in a variety of ways, a force which my friend admitted at once he could not explain; but as if to settle any lingering doubts as to the agency being independent of us, the large table, standing some four or five feet from us, rushed up, and, tilting, laid itself upon the small one at which we were seated. This was evidently a very startling manifestation. It was broad daylight. Truth-Seeker looked as he felt, astounded; and, after a short pause, he said, "I wish it would go back again," which it instantly did. He saw that no one had touched it; and he satisfied himself by a close examination that there was no machinery to account for this unexpected and very convincing demonstration.

We then proceeded with our questions, of which it will be sufficient to say that the replies and attempts by the invisibles to give names and messages were confused and unsatisfactory. This, I have no doubt, arose from the excited and sceptical condition of Truth-Seeker's state of mind; and, as I believe the spirits know best how to impress an unbeliever, they substituted other things which could not be mistaken; and accordingly the first act of this spiritual drama was closed by a second visit of the large table, which came up as before, tilted, and banged the

smaller table with three heavy blows—a sort of hammer-and-anvil reality, which neither of us would venture to question by putting our fingers in the way; and then, having made its mark and settled the question of trickery and delusion in a very practical way, it retired of its own accord to its original place in the room, and remained quiescent.

We then talked upon general subjects, and were about to take our departure, when I asked Mrs. Marshall to shew me the dark room, where John King and Katie held their *conversazioni*.* These are the names, it will be remembered, of the spirits who attend the Davenports.

I was taken to the room by Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, and found a table and two brass speaking-trumpets upon it. As the requisite condition of total darkness could at once be obtained by closing the door, I requested them to sit down, and let me test their power to obtain the “voices,” which they did, and in less than a minute I was addressed in a full round-toned masculine voice, speaking through the largest of the two trumpets, with a salutation, “Well, Mr. Coleman, how do you do?” “Ah! John,” I said, “you remember me?” “Yes, oh yes!” “Have you left the Davenports?” “No, I am still with them.” “They are in Russia, I suppose?” “No, they have left Russia; they are now in Denmark.”† “Is Katie here?” “Yes, Mr. Coleman, I am here.” This was spoken in a totally different tone to the other voice. It was something like a distinct whisper.

“I have a friend in the next room, who is a stranger to these manifestations. Do you think I might bring him in?” “No, he’d be frightened to death.” “Not if you would be gentle with him; I am very anxious to convince him of the wonderful facts which you exhibit. You must not be violent; don’t do anything to unnerve him; you and Kate must promise me that.” “Well, let him come in.” I then went into the other room and explained to my companion what had been said, leaving him to decide whether he would enter the room or not. I felt, as I told him, that it was a strong trial to one in his condition of mind. He, however, said he would like it; we accordingly returned together, and, taking our seats, I held his hand, and put my other hand upon both of Mr. Marshall’s, whilst my friend took the hand of Mrs. Marshall.

John immediately addressed Truth-Seeker in a jocular

* I gave an account in the last number of this Magazine of several *séances* held in this room as described to me by Mr. Alfred Wallace, when the spirits spoke to him “with ease and fluency.”

† I have since heard that the Davenports have been in Denmark.

manner, and contrary to his promise, gave him a startling proof of his lung power. Some general conversation ensued between my companion and the two spirits, and as John was too loud for him, he requested that Katie should speak to him; for which purpose he took one of the trumpets, and placed the large end close to his ear, and asked Katie to speak. She then said, loud enough for all of us to hear—"You should write a book, sir." "So I would," he replied, "but I don't know enough of the subject yet." "Never mind, we will supply you with plenty of materials." Other remarks were made to him in this way, and to satisfy himself that these voices could not be attributed to ventriloquism, he afterwards explained to me that he had turned his head from the table, and held the trumpet, with its mouth pointing to the vacant part of the room, and quite away from any of us; that he realised a voice speaking in his ear, and the breath of the speaker was distinctly felt by him through the trumpet.

Here let me say that this gentleman is a classical scholar. I regret to say that I am not; and I need hardly add that neither of the Marshalls are "up in the classics."

John then said, "Mr. Coleman, your daughter is standing behind your chair." "Is she? Can you tell me her name?" "Her name is Agapē." "Now, do be serious," I said; "tell me her name, it would be very interesting to me to hear her name." Truth-Seeker interposed the remark—"Agapē, in Greek, means *Charity*." In an instant the voice replied, "No it doesn't—it means LOVE." "You are right," said my friend, "as to the classics, it is there Love; but in the Bible it is translated Charity." John then added, "Agapē is your daughter's spirit name—her earthly name, as you know, was Isabella. Come here next Friday, and I will take her likeness for you—we intend to give something new on Friday."*

During the time, about an hour, which this dark *séance* lasted we had other manifestations. We saw spirit lights playing about over our heads, and, at the request of Truth-Seeker, one of these lights shewed itself upon his hand. We were also sprinkled twice with a spray of *eau de Cologne*, there being none in the room. But the crowning incident, to my mind, of this

* I went on Friday evening and took with me two large plain cards, for the purpose of obtaining the promised likeness, but I did not succeed. It was hardly likely that I should as there was a crowd of visitors coming in one after another! I laid the cards upon the table, having marked them with my initials, and reminded John of his promise; "Promises," he said, "you see, are made to be broken. How can you expect it with all these sceptics present? Your cards are thousands of miles away." I found indeed that the cards had disappeared, and he only, I believe, has been seen there. It is possible, however, that I may still have them returned to me; and if either of them should contain a likeness of Isabella, since no likeness of her is in existence, it will be another marvel to add to the accumulating list of spirit-power.

remarkable *séance* was the allusion to my daughter. I had not the least idea that Agapē was the Greek for Love or Charity, and my daughter's name *was* Isabella. In my large experience of almost every phase of spiritual manifestations, I do not remember one instance so conclusive or so unassailable, at all points, as this proof presents of an independent intelligent agency. If the events of that day do not bring about the complete conversion of my friend, they must at least destroy his previous impressions of self-delusion and trickery. Believing, however, that this case will prove a very interesting one, and that much good may result to the cause by the ultimate conviction of Truth-Seeker, I shall at a future time refer to it, and beg that my readers will keep the facts I have recorded in memory, and note the sequel. In the meantime I venture to express my firm conviction that Truth-Seeker will become a complete convert to the truth of Spiritualism; an open advocate of the reality of the phenomena; and he will ultimately receive his reward by the assurance for which he so earnestly asks, "The conviction that death is not annihilation."

THE CONVERSION OF AN M.D. TO SPIRITUALISM.

I am induced to add to the foregoing narrative a short history of an analogous case.

More than 20 years ago I became acquainted with a medical man who was delivering lectures on mesmerism, in which I was already a believer. After an interval of 17 years we met, five or six years ago, in London, when he expressed his surprise that I should be a convert to "the delusion of Spiritualism." My statements, however, awakened in him a desire to investigate, and he begged me to help him. I sent him to the Marshalls; and after two or three sittings he wrote to tell me that they were impostors; and, unfortunately for his judgment, led away by his materialistic prejudices, he offered me an explanation of how most of the manifestations were done by the Marshalls; but he wished at the same time to pursue the enquiry through some better agents than these "palpable cheats." My reply to him was made in a letter, from which I make the following extracts:—

"With your growing interest, therefore, and your peculiar fitness for the investigation and elucidation of the spiritual phenomena, you will not want opportunity by-and-bye of carrying on your enquiries.

"My judgment in such matters can have but little weight with you, since you continue to stigmatise the Marshalls, whom I consider respectable people, as 'low, unprincipled pretenders.'

"*My* opinion of them is based on minute enquiries as to their antecedents, and a hundred sittings with them under every variety of conditions; *yours*, on two or three sittings only, when you saw some things which you confess that you cannot explain, and others which you asserted (and, I suppose, still think) were effected by machinery "WORKING AN INDIA-RUBBER HAND," with which they pinched you black and blue!

"When Mr. Novra first saw these mediums he attributed the effects produced to the agency of 'a small boy or a well-trained monkey concealed under the petticoats of the elder female.'

"Mr. Reynolds, the newspaper-man, saw a light through the floor of the room, which was sufficient to satisfy him; he knew at once how it was all done.

"Mr. Mc Carthy proposed to have the Marshalls *at his own house*; no other place would satisfy him for another *test* trial, "when he would secure the assistance of *two* professional female searchers accustomed to such work." All these attempts at explanation, and great precautions, may be very philosophical, and suited to a class of persons who lay claim to high, scientific, and literary attainments; but as I happen to *know* that there is not any machinery used by the Marshalls; no india-rubber hand; no boys, nor monkeys; no hole in the floors of their own, nor in any of the many rooms in which I have met them; no concealment possible which *one un*-professional female could not readily discover by examination (an ordeal to which I have repeatedly seen them submit), you must all find some other explanation for phenomena which have forced gentlemen of your high intelligence to such extremities.

"If your explanation, or that of anyone else, of the *modus operandi*, be anything approaching the truth, what a glorious simpleton you must think me, after all the opportunities I have had, that I should never have suspected nor detected such clumsy contrivances, and therefore, I repeat, my judgment will not influence you. But let me add, that I yield to no man in a determination to expose charlatanry wherever I find it. You know many years ago that I was one of the few who saw at once the truth of mesmerism, and defended you against the attacks of ignorant scepticism! I am the same man now, with 17 years' more experience, and I am not therefore disposed to yield to any man, however high his scholastic attainments, my own common-sense reasoning on, and observation of, plain matters of fact."

The sequel to the case was the conversion of this gentleman and his active advocacy. In 24 hours after he had finally thrown aside the errors which had blinded him, he wrote to the *Star* a full and honest recantation, and said,—“Yesterday—now not more than 24 hours have elapsed since I have had

tangible positive proof (through the Marshalls) that effects have been produced, which, according to preconceived opinions, are incompatible with any known laws. What I am about to relate I cannot expect to be received without incredulity, for had any person yesterday morning told me what I now know to be a reality, I would not have received his narration as a fact, therefore, I can afford to be charitable; all I ask is, that others shall investigate for themselves with an honest desire to obtain truth."

The editor of the *Star*, who was one of those credulous persons who believe that there is nothing to be believed, endorsed the intelligent qualifications of the gentleman who wrote this letter, but expressed his opinion that the writer must have been hallucinated. I hope, however, that the editor of the *Star* has by this time obtained more light. I have good reason for saying that I think he has; and it will not therefore surprise me to find him confessing that he has at length washed the clay from his eyes at some pool of Siloam, and is able to meet all objectors with the words of the man whose sight was restored by Christ,—“One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see.”

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AT A SEANCE WITH MISS NICHOLLS.

Wonderful and perplexing as are some of the manifestations obtained through Mrs. Marshall and Miss Nicholls' mediumship, they have now become so frequent that they create very little more comment with the initiated investigators of spiritual phenomena than the ordinary rapping sounds and table movements; and the several accounts I have already recorded in this journal of the manifestations witnessed through the only two mediums who are at present prominently before London society, may be deemed sufficient to establish the reality of the phenomena, and to satisfy the curiosity of its readers.

With but one exception, the statements as to the wonderful facts witnessed at various *séances* with Miss Nicholl, I have made upon the testimony of others, and to me it is as satisfactory as if I had personally witnessed them; but having been present at a recent *séance*, it may be interesting to some readers to have particulars of the incidents which I witnessed on that occasion.

The *séance* was held at the residence of Mr. Cornelius Pearson, the well-known artist. There were present six ladies and seven gentlemen, and among the latter a scientific chemist, the value of whose discoveries is universally acknowledged. Having arranged ourselves around a large table, one of the ladies played upon the piano several plaintive and sacred pieces, which were accompanied by the voices of most of the party. This method of opening a *séance* tends to induce a more harmonious

feeling, and consequently to favour the conditions for securing the best results. I was requested to take charge of the wax taper and matches, and to conduct the *séance*. I then asked the usual questions as to the spirits present, and if they would give us some proofs of their power. It was answered by raps, and by repeating the alphabet, that three spirits were present, that they would do what they could, but that the medium's physical condition was unfavourable, which was no doubt true, as she was much fatigued by a long day's work at her professional duties as a mesmerist. I then extinguished the light, and each of us laid our hands upon the table, forming an unbroken chain by touching each other, the sound of something like soft balls falling one after another was then heard, and on examining we found several double hollyhocks full blown, very like roses in appearance, and quite fresh. The flowers of this plant having no stems could not be gathered into a bunch. "I wish," exclaimed one gentleman, "you would bring us a long stalk of them." As soon as the room was darkened again, his wish was responded to. Two stalks about a foot and a half long were thrown upon the table, containing a large number of buds and fresh bright coloured flowers. These were followed by a variety of other flowers, bindweed, &c., &c.

Then there was given to each one present a small square piece of bread and a ripe gooseberry, neither bread nor fruit being in the room. Some one of the party had been at a *séance* when a glass of water was turned into wine, and it was asked whether any spirits then present could do this; the answer was "that they would try." A tumbler of water was accordingly brought by the servant into the room, and placed in the centre of the table, but as soon as the light was extinguished the glass was accidentally upset, and some ladies hastily sponged up the water with their handkerchiefs. Not a drop of water was left in the glass, which was replaced upon the table empty, it being suggested that the spirits who could bring wine and water at other times, might as well fill this glass. As soon as we were placed in darkness again we all heard water as if *dripping*—not pouring freely—into the glass, making just such a sound as if a wet sponge were being squeezed of its contents; upon looking we found that the glass was about a third filled with *dirty* water. It was not from the handkerchiefs which had been used, for they were clean ladies' handkerchiefs, which were still lying soaked with water upon the table. We speculated for some time as to what could have discoloured this water, and from whence it had come. We then asked the spirits, and it was spelt out "We gathered it from the carpet." No one remarked that the water had run off the table on to the carpet, and we asked "shall we find the carpet wet?"

Answer, "Yes." This was confirmed by looking under the table, where it was found that a portion of the water had run over a large patch of the carpet; we then examined the contents of the glass closely, and pouring it gently off, there was ample evidence, by the presence of small pieces of wool and dirt sediment, of its having been wrung, so to speak, out of the carpet. This dirty water manifestation, however, seems to me to be an impregnable fact. Of the production of fruit and flowers, of living birds and other portable matter, all sorts of idle and groundless guesses and suspicions are suggested to account for their possible introduction; but how, and by whom, could this water have been taken from the carpet and put into the glass? The reader may be assured that neither this, nor indeed, any of the manifestations which took place on this occasion, were effected by any mortal present. The *séance* closed by the invisibles running over the keys of the piano, as they would be by a natural hand and fingers.

I exchanged notes with the scientific gentleman to whom I have alluded as to the character of the incidents of the evening, and I am glad to say he raised no question of doubt; but on the contrary, he expressed his full conviction of the reality and integrity of all we had witnessed, and said he believed the phenomena could only be attributed to super-mundane intelligent agencies.

I have heard of other *séances* since those described by me in the August number of the Magazine, when empty wine glasses were filled with a peculiar, and, to those present, unknown wine; of different fruits being brought and put upon the table at the request of the different persons forming the circle; of a number of ears of oats which, after being examined, were spirited away and an equal number of ears of rye put in their place; and finally of two small living birds being caught, which, like the doves I described, are now in the possession of two ladies. They are quite tame, and I am told they fed from the ladies' hands the moment after they were taken.

A REMARKABLE HEALING MEDIUM IN PARIS.*

A soldier, a musician in a regiment of Zouaves of the Guard, has been for some time past attracting great attention in Paris,

* A man residing at Ivilet, Illinois, is spoken of in the *Spiritual Republic* as possessing healing powers similar to this Zouave. He sits *passively* with the sick, and produces wonderful cures. Sometimes he is assisted by another man and two women, who by this combination form, as they believe, a strong "magnetic battery" from which the healing human magnetism is evolved. It is added "that all persons are not susceptible to this magnetic influence, but diseases of all kinds have certainly been cured."

by performing wonderful cures, and bids fair to rival Dr. Newton, the most celebrated of the American healing mediums. This soldier, whose name is Jacob, and who is about 40 years of age; it is said relieves and in many instances entirely cures the blind, the lame and the paralytic by his presence only, without even laying his hands upon the patients. So great is his fame that he has been obliged to regulate his receptions by the issue of numbered cards, of which at the time spoken of—August the 7th—sixteen hundred had been given to as many sufferers, who are received at the rate of 100 daily, in groups of 30 at a time. When a patient comes to him he pronounces instantly what disease he labours under! he says he sees it. He does not allow any patient to come a second time, because he says if he can cure at all he cures in one visit. HE MAKES NO CHARGE FOR HIS SERVICES, AND CANNOT BE PREVAILED UPON TO ACCEPT A FEE!! Let the sceptic mark that fact. It is said that he it is who has cured the young French Prince of his lameness. Be that as it may, we are told that there are large numbers of persons to be seen in Paris who have been instantly relieved by him of long-standing diseases. He is very reticent. He either does not know by what means he effects his cures, or he (perhaps very wisely) declines to satisfy curiosity, and thus avoids giving a handle to religious and scientific detractors, who would doubtless denounce him as a charlatan, or say his power is derived from Satan. The old, old story, by which alas! the multitude are led away and brought to ignore the evidence of their senses. Some jealous physician may perhaps send two or three impostors upon crutches to be cured of their pretended lameness, and who will afterwards be made to declare they had been hoaxing this Good Samaritan, and *therefore he is a charlatan!* This sort of thing we know has been practised in this country with some of our public mediums; the actors have boasted of their clever imitations, and a certain portion of our press have applauded their conduct. For the honour of France, however, whose Emperor is a believer in these occult powers, we hope no one there will descend to such low subterfuges to stifle truth.

The Zouave has, it appears, been closely interrogated as to the nature of this marvellous power. "I do not pretend to say," he has replied; "some say it is Spiritualism; some say it is mesmerism, and the doctors say I am an impostor. I only know when people come to me they say they are suffering, some say they cannot move; they go away telling me they are relieved, or that they are well, and that is all I care for. Above all things I tell them to take no physic."

I am a steady reader of most of our metropolitan journals, and up to the time of making this record, August 19th, I have

not seen that one of "our own correspondents" writing daily from Paris, has ventured to say anything of this marvellous healing medium, though *La Liberté*, of August 7th, and other Paris papers have published full particulars of "the Zouave's wonderful cures." "Our own correspondents" need not be so very fastidious about giving currency to a case which *might* prove an imposture. They have frequently misled their readers before when writing upon such subjects.

They eagerly seized upon, and gave currency to all the disparaging rumours about the Davenports when they were in Paris; and although some of the Paris papers published a complete refutation of the false charges made against the American mediums, and an account of their exhibiting subsequently at St. Cloud, before the Emperor and Empress, and a large number of the aristocracy, receiving from Louis Napoleon a special expression of his satisfaction, and a substantial acknowledgment, "our own correspondents" never made the *amende honorable*.

REMARKABLE PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.

"A SINGULAR story of presentiment of danger is told by the *Talbot Leader*, which says, 'August Kohfahl was killed at the Hofnung Claim, Mount Greenock, last Monday evening. The deceased had, for some little time, boarded and lodged with Mr. Ockelman. On Monday morning, when he got up, he told Mrs. Ockelman that he had been unable to sleep through the night, from an intense nervous feeling of coming danger keeping him awake. He followed this remark up by stating that he had a very great mind not to go work at all that day. Mrs. Ockelman urged him to adhere to this determination, but he immediately replied that he must go to work, as every effort was needed to bottom the shaft. The conversation then ended for a few moments; but the deceased shortly afterwards came into the house and handed Mrs. Ockelman the key of a house he owns in Blacksmith's Gully, using the following words:—"If anything should happen to me, Mrs. Ockelman, here's the key of my house, and you can do what you like with it." The deceased then left the Mount, and before night was a corpse. To use the mildest terms, there is something remarkable in all this.'"—*Otago Witness*.

APPARITIONS AT THE TIME OF DEATH.

My dear father was a very matter-of-fact man, and if ever ghost stories were made the topic of conversation in his presence, he would exclaim "Tut, tut, nonsense;" and being somewhat of a martinet, having passed the best part of his life in the army, this exclamation would at once cause silence in the camp. Nevertheless, he acknowledged to me, after I was grown up, that he believed his grandmother saw her father at the time he was shot on the field of battle, because his mother was so good a woman that he could not doubt her veracity when she told him her own mother, whom she venerated, related the circumstance to her. This lady, when a child of about twelve years of age, was waiting rather impatiently on the top step at the open hall door for her mother and grandmother, who were getting ready to take a walk with her. Just as the two ladies were descending the stairs, the child screamed out, "Oh, mamma, mamma, there's dear papa and Colonel B——." The mother flew to the doorway, but could see no one in the direction in which her child was looking. "Where, my dear?" exclaimed the loving wife. "Why, there, mamma, they are not coming in at that gate; I wonder why they are going to the other;" and looking as if she saw some one passing in front of the house, she flew to the other end of the carriage-sweep. As there were shrubs inside the iron railings from one gate to the other, the child, once at the bottom of the steps, could see no one until she reached the gate. Having opened the gate, and no one entering, she rushed into the road to look, then turning to her mother who had followed her, exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, where are they gone?" Her mother now feeling greatly distressed, returned to her house, and both she and her mother questioned the child, who declared she had certainly seen her father and his friend on horseback as distinctly as she had seen them ride away from the gates some time before, *only they now wore their regimentals, and their servants were not with them.* The grandmother took out a note-book and made a memorandum of the day and the hour. In due course of time it was ascertained that both gentlemen had been killed in action on that day.

J. H. H.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

A BRIEF ARGUMENT.

You cannot get something out of nothing.

You cannot get out of anything that which it does not contain.

WE base our argument upon these simple truths; they are plain, clear, and incontrovertible; and we invite him who sees them to be so, to a few minutes' consideration of one of the most important subjects the human mind can contemplate; namely,

The Existence of God.

Few independent thinkers have passed through life without at some time having had the all-important question thrust upon them for solution,—How came the visible universe and the human race into existence?

God created them, says the Theologian; and they stand as continual witnesses of His existence and power. For as nothing can exist but from some cause adequate to produce or bring it into existence, so no cause is adequate to bring into existence the wonders of humanity and the visible universe except one, which is God.

Permit me, says the Atheist, to help on your reasoning a step or two farther.

You say that nothing can exist but from some cause adequate to bring it into existence; and that, as man and the universe exist, the existence of God becomes necessary as their cause.

But, if the existence of a thing proves that it must have had a cause, then, by parity of reasoning, the existence of God proves that He must have had a cause, and the existence of that cause proves again the existence of another cause, and so on, for ever. You forget, says the Theologian, that God, by His essential nature, is eternal, and consequently never required a cause to bring Him into existence: He never began to be, but always was.

Oh! says the Atheist, if you admit the possibility of a thing's existing from all eternity, then I will shew you a way by which the process of reasoning upon this subject may be materially shortened: what you affirm of God, I affirm of matter, of which man and the visible universe are only modifications: I assert that matter is eternal, and never required a God, or any other cause, to bring it into existence.

An unpromising condition of the argument, but one, nevertheless, which leads us to this most important fact and conclusion, namely,—

That it is a necessity of our reason to believe in the eternity of the First Cause; a necessity which presses alike upon Atheist and Theist, because upon reason itself.

This is easily shewn, thus:—

That which first existed could have had nothing before it; consequently, if the First Cause ever had a beginning, it must have begun from nothing; and nothing would thus become the cause of all things.

Now this preposterous conclusion reason cannot accept. Reason clearly sees that nothing cannot be a cause of anything, much less of all things. Did she accept this greatest of all absurdities, what subsequent and lesser absurdity could she exclude? Reason, by accepting it, would, as a defence against absurdity, virtually abdicate her function, and cease to be.

And therefore, that all ground of rationality may not be cut from beneath his own feet, the Atheist, in common with the Theist, is obliged to admit that the First Cause of things must have been eternal.

He has no alternative.

For, if reason sees that for something to come out of nothing is impossible, she is also bound to deny that that which is impossible ever took place, and, consequently, to deny that beginning of the First Cause which supposes its occurrence.

Wherefore, for Atheist and Theist, there is but this one common conclusion:—

The First Cause is eternal.

From this point, then, the difference between them becomes narrowed to the question,

What was that eternal something which must have first existed, and from which all else is derived?

The Atheist says it was matter; the Theist, God.

Noting, then, that one of the essential attributes of God—eternal existence—is thus established, let us proceed to enquire whether, by any legitimate inference from the facts of our knowledge, any other attributes or qualities of the First Cause can be ascertained.

A man, when he begins to reflect upon his own existence, finds himself a living being, possessed of many powers and faculties; so many that it may even be doubted whether hitherto they have ever been correctly catalogued; but, nevertheless, there are two things which he can affirm respecting them with certainty. He knows that he himself did not produce them: this he knows from experience.

He also knows that they could not begin to exist of themselves; this he knows from reason.

How then did he become possessed of them?

They are the result of his organization, says the Materialist; which organization, possessing the power of reproducing itself, he received from his parents: they received it from their parents, and so on. Yes! and so on, till when? For now it is an ascertained geological fact that this planet existed for ages without a single human being upon it.

The faculties then of the first human beings could not be the result of an organization transmitted from parents; for they had none.

Reflect a little upon our second axiom:—You cannot get out of anything that which it does not contain. Consequently,—

The cause, whatever it was, which gave the first human beings their faculties, must have had such things to give.

What it gave, it must first have possessed.

Man is a living being; and therefore the cause which produced life in him must have had life, that is, must have been alive.

Man thinks and reasons.

The cause which imparted these powers must, by previously possessing them, have been intelligent.

Man has love or affection.

This must have come from a cause possessing it; so of power or any other faculty.

Now, whether man received these powers and faculties mediately or immediately from the First Cause, matters not. Back to that First Cause or existence, from which all subsequent existences are derived, they must evidently be carried or referred; for they could no more begin to exist of themselves, or uncaused, in anything intermediate, than they could in man himself.

And if they came out of the First Cause, they must have been in it, that is possessed by it, as part of its eternal powers, qualities, and attributes.

All life, all love, all wisdom or intelligence that ever existed in subsequent existence together with all power, from this cause must have been derived, and in *it* must have had their eternal residence.

And if of such qualities the First Eternal Cause is constituted, can it be a "thing" like matter? Must it not be a *person*? For, if living, loving, thinking, and acting, do not constitute personality, what does?

Altogether, then, we think no rational man can doubt the soundness of the position we have taken, or fail to draw from them, with us, the inevitable conclusion to which they lead, namely, that the First Cause must be God, and can be nothing else; and consequently, that thereby is proved

The Existence of God.

SPIRITUALISM IN SUSSEX.

A SMART controversy on Spiritualism, extending over the last four months, has been carried on in the columns of the *East Sussex News* and the *Eastbourne Chronicle*. The controversy is chiefly noteworthy as an evidence of the growing interest which the subject is exciting, and of the advance which the Sussex mind has made concerning it since the time when Spiritualism was first brought prominently under its notice by Mr. Robert Cooper, of Eastbourne, some three years ago. It was then almost universally treated as imposture and delusion; now, with the exception of one anonymous correspondent, who denounces Spiritualism as "a delusion, and a snare by which clever manipulators are enabled to rob their dupes," the reality and spiritual source of the manifestations is no longer called in question. That which now exercises and alarms the Sussex imagination, and by which it is hoped all further prosecution of the enquiry may be scared away, is the apprehension that our old enemy, the devil, is at the bottom of it, and for that matter at the top of it too. I am not aware that those who affirm this lay claim to having received private and confidential communications from him to that effect, but they are quite as certain of it as if he had told them so. Mr. Brodie, a magistrate of Uckfield, and a Mrs. Mathieson, a lady preacher and Second Adventist from London, who *knows* that the Lord is coming by the year 1872 at farthest, but that he may be expected any time before that date; and who has been sent by Him as a sort of female Jonah to warn the wicked town of Eastbourne to prepare for his reception, in particular, have no doubt about it. Three thousand years ago Moses forbade the Jews to resort to those who had familiar spirits; and in these days, "just when Christ is about to appear," some are departing from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits; besides, an evil spirit when cross-questioned, in the name of the Lord, declared to William B. Laming, of Trenton, New Jersey, in the year 1853, through a writing medium, that "there was not a good spirit—the spirit of a departed Christian, among all these rapping and writing spirits;" so that settles the question, don't you see.

Mr. Robert Cooper has written several sensible letters in reply to this kind of stuff. A "medium" (enclosing name and address) gives his experience. He says, "The Bible tells us to try the spirits. I did so, and Christ was, except in one or two instances, always admitted as the Son of God, who came on the earth in the flesh. The same results followed when my wife tried, *blindfolded* or not. I think I am no worse but better from

what I learnt." A lady from St. Leonard's-on-Sea, "F. J. T.," also gives her experience, extending over several years, if not for a lifetime. The following is the conclusion of her letter:—

"Those who have known me from childhood have no cause to look upon me as untruthful, but believe me, and also the evidence of their own senses, when I give them communications purporting to be from the spirits of my loved ones in the spirit land. Hundreds of pages of pure goodness and wisdom, of holy and helpful advice, far beyond the power of my own spirit to have originated, have been given to me by the spirit writing. Truly, Satan has worked against himself if he has given me these messages, full of warnings against his power of evil; entreaties to live in the spirit of prayer, and thereby to defy evil. The assurance of all that is beautiful and God-like, and of the continual presence of our Elder Brother Christ Jesus as an ever-present help, has been a source of continual rejoicing and strengthening to the inner life, during a long season of prostration of the body, which has shut me out from any help that could be given from external sources. This is why I venture to intrude upon you these lines, for whereas your correspondents evidently write in real ignorance of the great subject they take upon themselves to denounce, uncourteously assailing those whom I know to be truthful men, I feel impelled to write to you of my simple *experience* of Spiritualism, in which the power of the good has risen strong above the evil, and in fact, *if all is the work of Satan*, then his nature is changed, and he must be a converted character."

Taking advantage of the interest in Spiritualism which this controversy had excited, Mr. Thomas Shorter, who was on a visit to Eastbourne, delivered a public lecture (admission free) at the Assembly Rooms, Eastbourne, on "Modern Spiritualism, and Controversies concerning it." The following report of the lecture is from the *Eastbourne Gazette*:—

"MODERN SPIRITUALISM.—On Tuesday, August 20th (last evening), Mr. T. Shorter, from London, author of *The Two Worlds*, &c., delivered a lecture at the Assembly Rooms, Eastbourne, on "Modern Spiritualism, and Controversies concerning it." The chair was taken by Mr. Robert Cooper. After a few remarks from the Chairman, the Lecturer said he should not enter into any formal review of the controversy on Spiritualism recently carried on in the local press, sufficient having been said by the writers on both sides to indicate their respective views, and he desired so to present the subject as to avoid all references that might excite irritation, or that were irrelevant to the main question at issue. Both those who advocated and those who opposed Spiritualism, alike insisted that the subject was of

momentous interest, and he trusted therefore, that they would consider it in the dispassionate, unprejudiced spirit of scientific enquiry. One thing he would promise,—Spiritualism was not a new-fangled doctrine of some small and obscure sect that had just sprung up amongst us; it was a faith as old and as universal as humanity; it had been held by the greatest and wisest of mankind; by all nations, rude or civilized; it was incorporated in the history of every people, and was an element in every system of religious faith. The Lecturer, in illustration, referred to classical, sacred and modern history, and contended that it was not Spiritualism, but the denial of it, that was an innovation and a heresy. It was only since the middle of the last century that Spiritualism had begun to cease to be the prevalent faith of Christendom, and parallel with this decline had been the denial of all revelation, and the spread of atheistical philosophy. God however, had not left himself without witness, and in our day, when Sadduceeism most abounded, evidences of a spiritual world had been presented in such multitudinous, direct, and palpable forms, that the sturdiest scepticism had been powerless against it. Its evidences had proved so irresistible that after twenty years' investigation it now numbered its believers by millions, including many men of the highest character and scientific attainments. That fact, the Lecturer thought, was sufficient refutation of the notion held by misinformed persons, that Spiritualism was simply a gigantic fraud upon public credulity. Another fact which he thought decisive upon this point was that the ablest *opponents* of Spiritualism had been compelled by sheer weight of evidence, and from their personal investigations, to concede the reality and genuineness of the facts which Spiritualists allege, while they sought to explain them as the result of purely physical causes. These theories the Lecturer briefly enumerated, contending that they were all insufficient as explanation of the facts which Spiritualism presented, especially those facts evidencing external intelligence and personal identity. But many who had been driven to admit a spiritual origin for the modern manifestations, deprecated them as of the devil, and the work of evil spirits, chiefly basing their belief on the prohibitions in the Old Testament against dealing with those who had familiar spirits. The objection, he admitted, would have weight if we were still living under the Jewish dispensation; but the objectors themselves did not believe this, for they habitually violated the Jewish law in many particulars, which the Lecturer enumerated. The prohibition had special application to the Jews, to cut them off more effectually from the idolatrous practices of the surrounding nations, and to which the Jews themselves were habitually prone. That it did not apply to all spiritual inter-

course of every kind, even to the Jews, was manifest from this among other reasons; that their inspired prophets—Daniel and Zechariah, for instance—held converse with spiritual beings; and that under the New Dispensation we find not only that the Apostle John held converse with the spirit of one of the old Hebrew prophets, who shewed him the visions recorded in the Apocalypse, but that Christ himself, in the presence of his disciples, conversed with the spirits of Moses and Elias—of Moses the promulgator of the law of prohibition. Could more emphatic testimony be given that this law, like the rest of the purely Jewish economy, was no longer obligatory? The best way of testing whether modern Spiritualism was of the devil, was that which Christ himself had given—to judge of a tree by its fruits. It had brought thousands out of the darkness of materialism into the light and warmth of a belief and full assurance of immortal life, and into at least, the first principles of Christian faith. If this was the work of the devil, then they might rejoice that his power was near its end, “for if Satan be divided against Satan, how can his kingdom stand?” The Lecturer did not deny that there were evil spirits who sought to pervert this, as they did every good work; but the law which governed all spiritual association was *sympathy founded upon spiritual affinities*. If we aspired after holiness, and sought to be Christ-like in heart and life, holy and Christ-like spirits would be drawn toward, and would hold sweet fellowship with us. Yea, God himself—the Perfect Good—would enter into the inmost chambers of the soul, and enfold us in the arms of Everlasting Love.

The lecture was well attended and received with great attention. At its conclusion the Lecturer invited and replied to several questions that were addressed to him.

Correspondence.

THE COUNT D'OURCHES.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Mr. Coleman in his “Passing Events” recommends to me the writing of a Memoir of the late Count d’Ourches. It is a work which I have no doubt some well-qualified French Spiritualist will execute in the manner in which a French Spiritualist only can do it. In the meantime I translate you what appeared

in the June number of the *Revue Spiritualiste*, partly from the public press, and partly from M. Piérart, to whom the Count was well known, and by whom he was fully appreciated.

Yours,
WILLIAM HOWITT.

SPIRITUAL NECROLOGY: THE COUNT D'OURCHES.

La Liberté, *le Figaro*, and other journals have inserted, in the early part of May, an article which ought very naturally to find its place here. It is regarding Count d'Ourches. After giving these accounts, our own will follow. And first, for that of *Figaro*:—

“In a small house of the Rue Salneuve at Batignolles lately died an old man whom we may style the last disciple of Mesmer. The Count d'Ourches, who belonged to one of the first families of Normandy, led a very retired life. He was a man of extraordinary distinction, of a very fine spirit, and of a rare erudition. He had been the friend of the Abbé Faria, who amongst the imaginary heroes of the celebrated romance of *Monte Christo*, is, as it would appear, a type taken from actual facts. Dumas received from Count d'Ourches his precious information regarding the famous abbé. Perhaps too, he consulted him when he wrote the *Memoirs of Joseph Balsamo*, for this old gentleman had profoundly studied the science of Mesmerism. He lived in a strange manner, surrounded by female servants, young and handsome, on whom he exercised a magnetic power. He had arrived, at least he believed so, at transmitting his orders solely through the fluid of thought. Thus, he sent them to market, corresponding with them from his chamber, changing at will the orders of purchase which he had given them on setting out. The Count would explain to you his occult powers, and recount its prodigies with the greatest faith in the world, and without the slightest touch of charlatanism. Rich and independent, and flying from the world, he loved science for its own sake.

“This great spirit like the illustrious Meyerbeer, had a horror of being buried alive. An invalid during many months, he made his doctor, who was also his friend, take an oath that he would open his body as soon as the breath left it. He was eighty years of age, and it is on this day that his obsequies have taken place. We are assured that his library, composed exclusively of works on the occult sciences, is a precious collection estimated at from fifteen to sixteen hundred thousand francs.”

To this article the *Union Magnétique* adds what follows:—

“Except in a few trivial particulars, the article of *Figaro* is

exact. Count d'Ourches, nephew of the celebrated bibliopole of that name, had a great number of friends, few of whom have been informed of his death and his funeral. Making collections with that passion which attaches to the occult sciences, he had amassed a considerable number of books and manuscripts, had made multitudinous notes, of which he was always writing a *résumé*, a history indeed, which was not destined to see the light, because the plan of the work which he had conceived was too vast.

"More than one distinguished writer has drawn from these manuscript treasures of Count d'Ourches. The author of *L'Etude sur St. Martin*, M. Matter, found amongst the treasures of an obliging colleague, an abundance of inedited materials. His library, a very considerable and important one, as it regards the occult sciences, will without doubt fetch a high price should it be offered for sale; but we believe the value put upon it by *Figaro* is exaggerated. All who knew Count d'Ourches can never forget the kind reception which he gave to all enquirers, whatever were their opinions regarding the occult sciences. The Society of Magnetism will deplore the loss of one of its most devoted members.

"A. D."

And now we give the obituary notice of the *Revue Spiritualiste* :—

"The Count d'Ourches, did not belong to a Norman family, as it was believed, but to a family of Champagne, or rather of Barrois, bordering on Champagne. It was in fact in the country of Joan of Arc, in the arrondissement of Commercy, at Ourches, in the canton Void, that this family placed its patronymic hearth. It was ruined by the Revolution, and obliged to expatriate itself, so that the youth of Count d'Ourches was full of hardships and trials, and his education felt the effects of this. Arriving at manhood, he was obliged to practice a manual art in order to live. He learned and followed the trade of a turner. His soul, nevertheless, only acquired the more merit from these severe experiences of life. They the more thoroughly tempered his character, and gave him that simplicity of taste, that manner of looking at things freed from the prejudices of birth, which is always appreciated by the greater number of people in this age in which we live. When at a later period, that of the death of his mother, Count d'Ourches came into possession of a fortune sufficient to render his life independent, and to liberate him from all those material obstacles which here below enchain, paralyze, and often abate the intelligence and the character of those most endowed, he remained faithful to the teachings of his tried and laborious youth.

"He was a man of the world, thoroughly comprehending its

spirit, and on whom the ideas of the past were not able to impose the least restraint. Every liberal and free thinker possessed his sympathy. The journals of his predilection were the Republican ones. Thus, even before the Revolution of 1848, the men honoured by that party, rendered him a glorious justice. On this subject we may read, *Le Manuel Annuaire de la Santé*, of Raspail for the year 1846, p. 224. *A propos* of the unfortunate workman suffering from a swelling of the joints, for whom the Count interested himself, and whom he had taken to the illustrious physician of the people to have his advice, M. Raspail speaks of him in these terms: 'M. d'Ourches, the benevolent friend of workmen, because he had been himself an able workman before entering on the possession of his maternal fortune.'

"This virtue of benevolence the Count preserved to the end of his life. He was really a man of a heart compassionate and full of courtesy. His obliging disposition noticed by the *Union Magnétique* was a fact known to every one. He always put himself at the service of every one who desired to make research in his library, to inform them of the things that were dear to him, and on which he was a real authority: we mean, on the history and bibliography of the occult sciences.

"Carried by a taste most devoted towards these sciences, he patiently interested himself in them, and desired nothing more than to initiate any one who desired it. The fact of the manifestations of spirits, found him one of the first to be arrested and converted by it. He had learned to recognize them in the past. He took pleasure in proving them in the present, and in interesting a great number of persons in this consolatory faith. He loved to live with one or more mediums, whom he somnambulized, made clairvoyant, extatic, and capable of reproducing by physical proofs, the most convincing manifestations of the spiritual order. He entertained at his table, with a hospitality very rare in these days, all who desired to be convinced of the reality of these manifestations. He knew no greater satisfaction than in being able to shake the prejudices of those who took the part of the sceptics. We avow that we have often seen at his house things of the most extraordinary kind, and in which there was no possibility of fraud. At other times, it is true, fraud has been possible, and the confidence of the Count has been placed on auxiliaries unworthy of much confidence. And we take this occasion to protest once more against mediums who take pleasure in mixing the false with the true, and are not ashamed to betray the confidence which has been religiously placed in them. The Count d'Ourches, who by his continual study of spiritual facts, was convinced that everything was possible in this order of facts, was not always prepared to examine strictly what was

presented to him, whether true or false. If the clearness of his senses, enfeebled by age, was sometimes imposed upon by adroit juggleries, the whole of the reproach must fall on the persons who possessed by the spirit of malice and of fraud, have not blushed to enter his house, in a mood which is but too much that of many people of the present time.

"A man, logical and convinced, who did not conclude from a few discordant facts against a multitude of the most convincing ones, the Count d'Ourches, was enabled to issue with his faith unshaken from trials to which the spirit of lying and trickery had subjected him. The latter years of his life were passed in a course of uninterrupted labours, by which he sought to establish one common faith on the most positive foundations. His love of books has been justly adverted to; but he was more than a bibliophile, a collector of books and manuscripts, he knew how to read them, and to extract from them substance, with a sagacity and a patience very rare in a man of his years. How often have we seen him, in the later period of his life, upon his bed where he was detained by the tortures of the gout, surrounded by books, taking notes, dictating extracts, and remarks of appreciation. His library undoubtedly is considerable and well selected; but that which gives it its value in our eyes are the marginal notes, the observations, and the references with which he has enriched his volumes. Amateurs alone can appreciate such a library, and it will be extremely to be regretted, and contrary to the wishes of its late possessor, should it be dispersed, as well as the manuscripts of the work which he has prepared, and which would form a vast encyclopædia of the occult sciences.

"Count d'Ourches, already afflicted with gout, was carried off at last by an acute bronchitis which deprived him of all power of work, and of enduring the smallest fatigue of mind. We may say that it was to ourselves that he wrote for the last time. Thus has it been also with two other contributors to the *Revue Spiritualiste*, whose articles have been appreciated by its readers; Messieurs Jobard and Mathieu. The letter which he addressed to us for the last time was written in a spirit of affection and attachment which we shall never forget. So also he has after his death come first to us spontaneously, and given us unequivocal evidences of his presence, which we shall one day confide to our readers. His words were words of encouragement and sympathy. He has promised us his spiritual assistance in our labours, offering to communicate the experience and the lights which he has obtained; happy, he says, by this to be able not to break off his terrestrial past, but to continue it beyond the tomb, and to contribute still to a cause which has

been dear to him. May God listen favourably to his wishes from beyond the grave. May Providence grant that the Spiritualists who enjoy deliverance from their terrestrial bondage may never be separated from the militant Spiritualists, from those who suffer and combat for the truth here below.

“Z. J. PIERART.”

MUSIC IMPROVISATION.

The following is taken from a private letter, which we have received permission to publish.

Mrs. R—— (Dr. K——’s housekeeper), is now staying with us on a visit to L——. She is somewhat of a writing medium, but has never had her faculty developed. They had been together to a photographer’s and afterwards to a dinner at a coffee house, whose mistress L—— knew. A thunderstorm came on the while, so that L—— asked leave to stay till it was over. So the mistress shewed them upstairs into her sitting-room where there was a piano, which she told them they might use, though she could not stay to hear them. Presently Mrs. R—— sat down to it, not being able to play a note, but being asked by L—— to let her see if anything would come of it. In a very few minutes Mrs. R——’s fingers which are stiff and not formed for running over the keys of a piano, and had never struck a note in her life, began to move over the keys in a style to rival that of Arabella Goddard, and continued playing most divinely for about three-quarters of an hour. The first thing played was a Te Deum, which L—— could not help singing to; both of them being overcome the while, with such a sense of holy awe and blessedness as they never felt before in their lives. The brilliant execution of the other piece was such as not the first pianiste of the day, could have surpassed, and as L—— adds, the strange thing was Mrs. R—— was only made to sweep the white keys, the black being moved invisibly the while. The last music played was so beautiful, and performed with such masterly execution, that a regular musician sitting below said he never heard anything before to be compared to it, and begged as she took her leave to know the name of the composer. She was obliged to put him off in the best way she could, while Mrs. R—— hastily made her escape.

Ever yours,
E. A.

In reply to enquiries addressed to her, Mrs. A. writes:—

With respect to Dr. ——’s letter, both these women are well educated, and L—— has a great natural capacity for music, and knows when it is good. Hence, if she had been made to play it would not have surprised me, but Mrs. R—— does not know one tune from another. Perhaps if she knew anything of the laws which govern spiritual development, this fact of natural capacity on her part may make her a more passive and perfect instrument in the hands of the spirits. The people downstairs quite crowded round L—— when they went down, and appeared quite excited about the music, saying it was “most lovely,” &c., &c. She talked a little to give Mrs. R—— time to get away, and told them then that it was her friend who had played so divinely. They both came home deeply affected, and said that they had never felt so holy and influenced in their lives. Mr. and Mrs. Watts can tell you what a superior person L—— is, and Mrs. R—— is even more so. They became great friends during an illness that I had at S—— Rectory, when R—— helped L—— to nurse me. I enclose a letter from poor old Dr. K—— in which he speaks of the wonder of the music, &c. I do not think that I can add anything to the first account, except that on enquiry, I was informed that the house is the resort of professionals.

We subjoin a letter from Mr. Watts:—

24, Grove Terrace, Highgate Road,
14th June, 1867.

To the Editor of the "*Spiritual Magazine*,"

Dear Sir,—Mrs. A—— has mentioned to me an experience which she has communicated to you of her maid L——.

L—— is a highly intelligent, superior and trustworthy person, with a great deal of partially-developed medium nature. I entertain no doubt of her entire reliability.

You may print this if you will with my name.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED A. WATTS.

Notices of Books.

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.*

MR. ROBERT COOPER is one of the many who have become Spiritualists in consequence of careful and patient investigation into the phenomena which modern Spiritualism presents; but he is something more,—he is one of the *few* who consistently carry out in practice this conviction. Having attained to the knowledge of a great truth, he has, with singleness of aim and earnest purpose, made every effort in his power to advance it, at no small sacrifice to himself of time, labour, money, and personal convenience and reputation. He had the courage to make known his new convictions to his unbelieving fellow-townsmen, braving the prejudices, sneers, and the *odium theologicum* which runs specially high in a fashionable provincial town; but the experience of which did not deter him from prosecuting his labours in the towns and villages around, sometimes barely escaping personal outrage. He defended Spiritualism in the local press against its ignorant and prejudiced assailants. The one-sided conduct of the press led him to establish the *Spiritual Times*, which, for more than two years, was sustained almost wholly at his expense, as was also the *Spiritual Lyceum*, in Newman Street, London. When Dr. Ferguson returned to America, Mr. Cooper supplied his place as representative and spokesman for the Brothers Davenport, in which capacity he addressed several audiences in London and the provinces, and accompanied the Brothers to Ireland and the Continent. Being thus in daily and familiar intercourse with them, his testimony to their honesty as mediums, and the particulars he relates, especially of conversations with the spirits, who advised them in their difficulties, is of more than ordinary value and interest. Indeed, Mr. Cooper's narrative throughout, is, as he tells us, "a simple and unpretending record of facts of a very unusual,

* *Spiritual Experiences; including Seven Months with the Brothers Davenport.*
By ROBERT COOPER. London: HEYWOOD & Co., 335, Strand.

and, I may say, very wonderful character." Autobiographical experiences form no inconsiderable part of the literature of Spiritualism. Not to go beyond our own country and countrymen, we may mention W. M. Wilkinson, and his brother, Dr. J. J. Garth Wilkinson, Thomas Brevior, Benjamin Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Crosland, D. D. Home, Samuel Guppy, Mrs. B. Webster, Rev. J. Page Hopps, J. H. Powell, and Robert Cooper, as having written books setting forth at large their spiritual experiences; and a much longer list might be given of those who have partially done so in this Magazine and elsewhere. Here is a mass of testimony to facts of the same order, occurring at different times and places, by a number of independent witnesses of intelligence and unimpeachable integrity; and the question we have to ask of our critics and contemporaries who deny these things is, "What will they do with it?" To ignore it is simply impossible; testimony to these facts goes on accumulating from year to year—nay, from week to week, and we ask them to give us some reasonable explanation of it, which they have not yet done; it is about time they did so, as they have had nearly 20 years to reflect upon the matter. Still, we don't wish to hurry them: take your time, gentlemen, only we remind you that this is rather slow bowling, and that, meanwhile, *you* are *not* winning the game.

MIDNIGHT ON THE HILLS.

The sun had roll'd behind the western wave,
 Leaving behind a track of golden spray;
 Soft evening crept around us silent, save
 The tide that lapsing left the sandy bay.
 'Twas God's sweet Sabbath, we had spent it well,
 Not worshipping, as wont, in cushion'd pew,
 But far away within a Highland dell,*
 Where purple heath and azure hare-bells grew.
 'Mid rocks fantastic, where white cascades dash'd,
 Leaping from caves their winter floods had made,
 To foamy ire their tortured waters lash'd,
 Till lost in depths where agile minnows play'd.
 Strange stony crypts, where daylight half reveal'd
 In shining heaps, far down, the golden sand—
 Where nightly Luna dips her silver shield,
 And grim Orion floats his starry wand.

* Glen Messen, on the Clyde.

Like a great beaker in the hand of God,
 That grand old glen brimm'd o'er with joyous light;
 On high the clouds like glowing chariots rode,
 Flecking with shade each heathy hill and height.
 Who would not worship God in such a place?
 To us it seem'd a glimpse of Paradise,
 Where silent joy lit up each flow'ret's face
 While love shone through the dew-gems in their eyes.
 And all around were happy living things,
 The feather'd songsters dreaming in the shade;
 Insects, with strangely spotted emerald wings,
 Frisk'd o'er the path, or flew from blade to blade.
 In fairy nooks, 'mid boulders stark and stern,
 Cool crystal wells in limpid beauty lay,
 Border'd with beaded moss and crispy fern,
 The spreading birch above for canopy.
 Forced by the fervid heat we sought the shade
 Of lichen'd crag and green umbrageous tree,
 And from the folded leaves of sorrel made
 A rare repast, nor hard to please were we.
 Such was the day; more beauteous still, the night
 Crept dreamily o'er moorland, field, and fell;
 While softly dawn'd from heav'n a holier light
 Above the hills that hid our Highland dell.
 'Twas not the shifting pale Aurora light,
 Nor the red radiance of the planet Mars—
 The soft effulgence of the Queen of Night,
 Nor yet the dewy lustre of the stars.
 • Ah, no! it made the star-lamps twinkle dim,
 Deep'ning the shades that lay on tower and tree,
 While rose the mountain ridge clear cut and grim,
 Like some huge monster stranded 'mid the sea.
 We sat and gazed with longing earnest eyes
 Along the line of soft celestial light,
 As if awaiting, from the silent skies
 Reveal'd, some wondrous vision of the night.
 We seem'd to feel on the surrounding air
 The tread of angels—felt their presence near;
 The heavens seem'd wrapt in ecstasy of prayer,
 The glittering star-worlds blending sphere with sphere.
 Such blissful sights and scenes to mortal eyes
 May well compensate for life's countless ills;
 God grant to each the power to realise
 His presence shed at midnight on the hills.

JAMES NICOLSON.